

Title: Discovery of the Tomb

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Day Sixteen Later

We Ran. What could we do? We ran back towards the entrance, cutting at them when we could.

T'was a nightmare, and yet nothing to prepare us for what would come. We were almost there, the entrance to the abhorred crypt in sight. Then the earth shook with such a force that we were dropped to our hands and knees, stumbling in the darkness with those.... those things surely behind us. The noise of falling rock and crumbling stone drowned out our piteous cries. No sign of the entrance remained. We owe our lives to Bergen, whose wits returned quickly. That he could make us hurry back into the main antechamber.... actually run back towards those eldritch dead that stalked us. But we did, the strength of his convictions enough for us in the moment. And at our campsite we erected our last defense, a pitiable wall of wood and stone, anything at hand that might block the tide of those nightmare creatures. And I sit against it even now. I can hear their moans, their wailing cries in the distance - they'll be here soon, even at the unhurried pace of the shuffling dead.